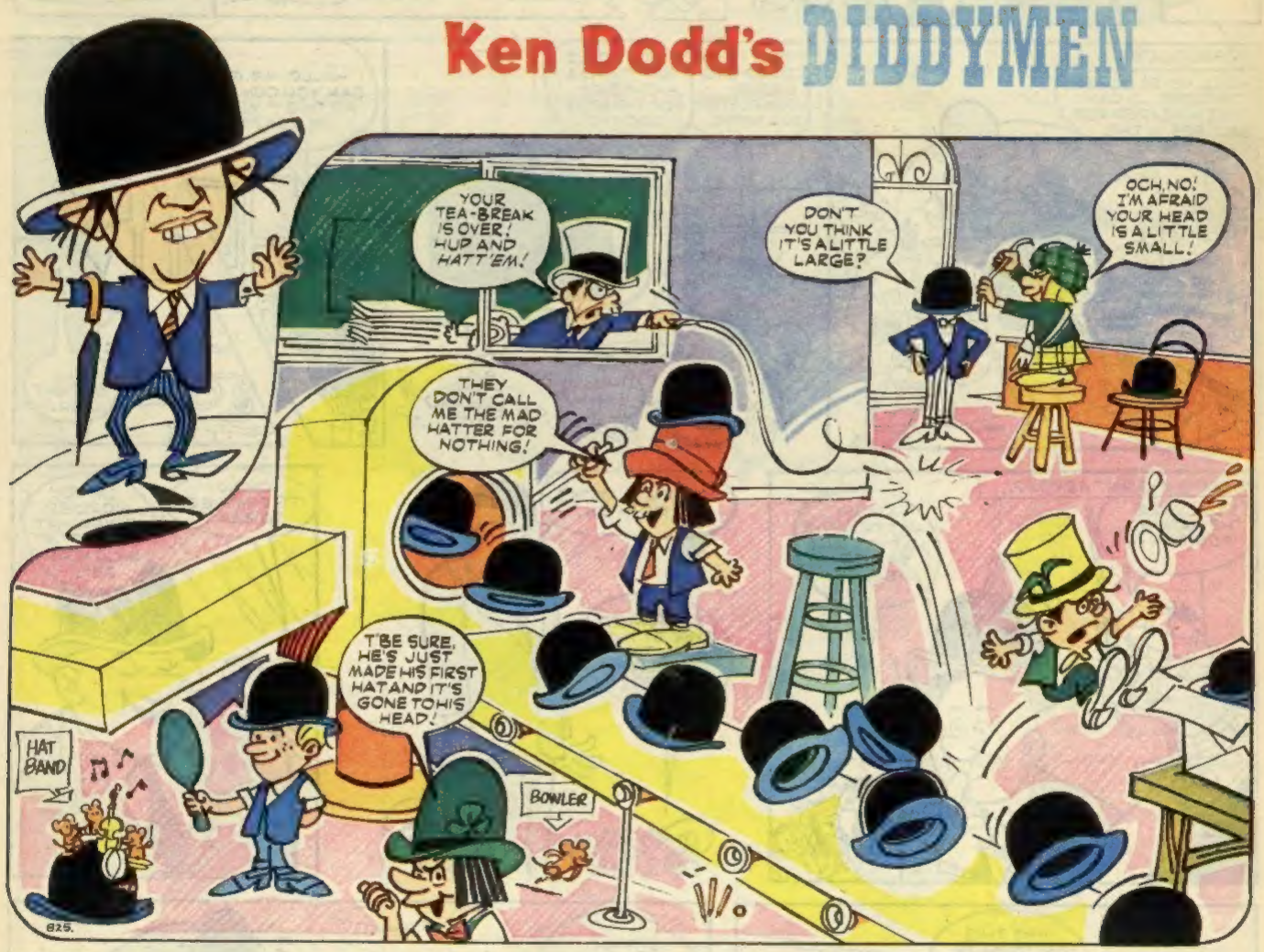
Sixpence

TV COMIC

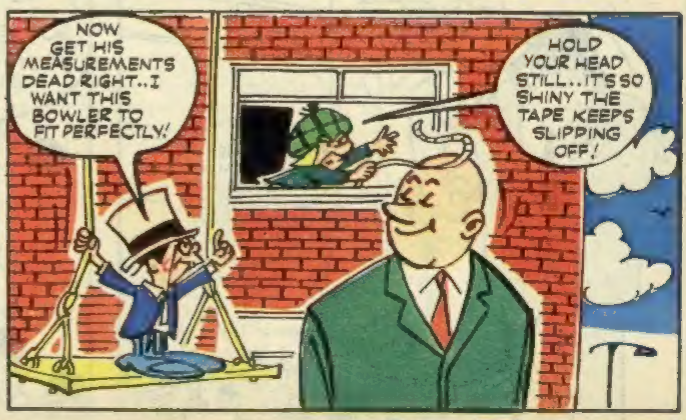
POPEYE on page 16 in COLOUR

Every Monday | Week Ending 7th October, 1967 | Number 825

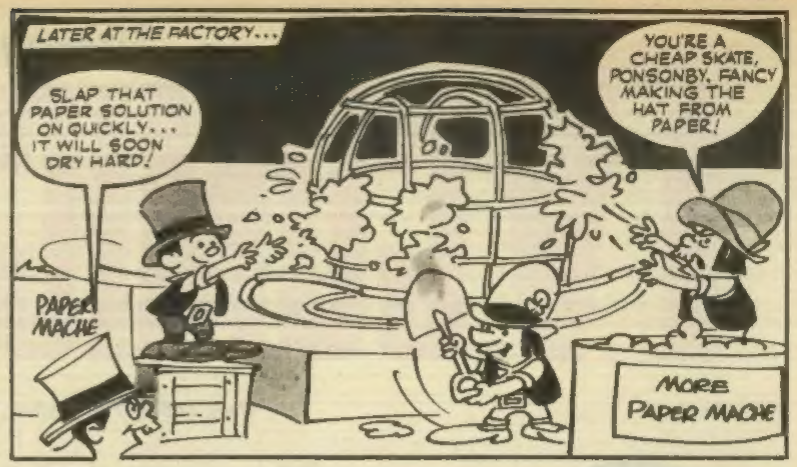
Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN

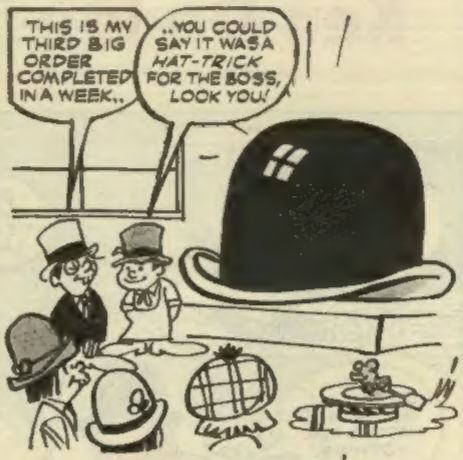

YOUR TEA-BREAK IS OVER! HUP AND HATT'EM!
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE LARGE?
OCH, NO! I'M AFRAID YOUR HEAD IS A LITTLE SMALL!
THEY DON'T CALL ME THE MAD HATTER FOR NOTHING!
T'BE SURE, HE'S JUST MADE HIS FIRST HAT AND IT'S GONE TO HIS HEAD!
HAT BAND
BOWLER
825.

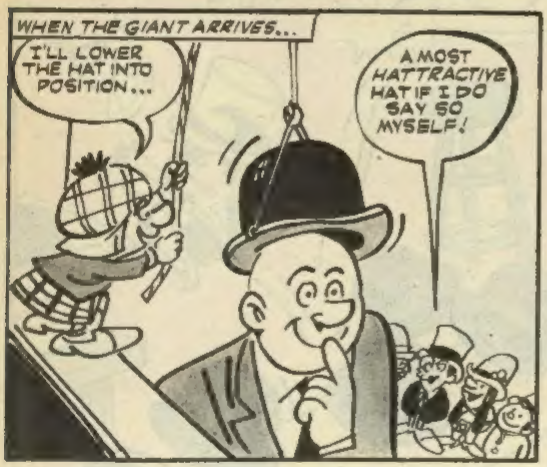
THAT AFTERNOON PONSONBY RUSHES INTO THE FACTORY WITH A BIG NEW ORDER...
STOP WORKING ON THOSE TINY HATS.. I'VE LANDED A BIG ORDER FROM A GIANT WHO WANTS A BIG BOWLER!
I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU, SIR! HE! HE!

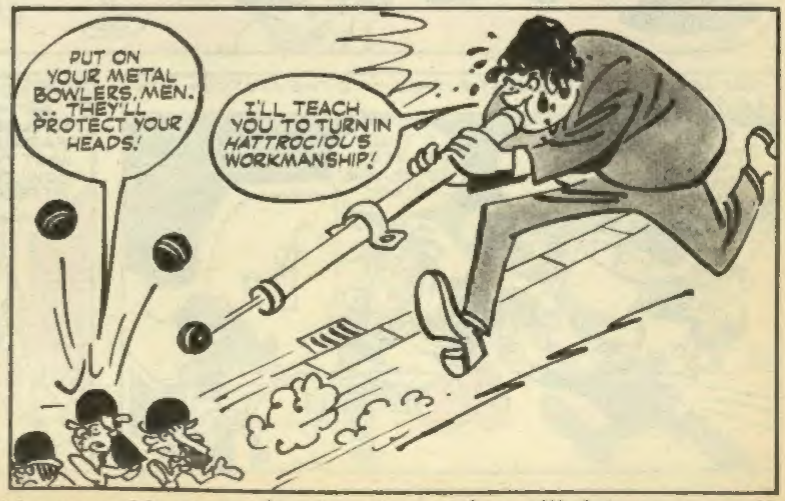

NOW GET HIS MEASUREMENTS DEAD RIGHT.. I WANT THIS BOWLER TO FIT PERFECTLY!
HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL.. IT'S SO SHINY THE TAPE KEEPS SLIPPING OFF!

More giggles on page 2


LATER AT THE FACTORY...
SLAP THAT PAPER SOLUTION ON QUICKLY... IT WILL SOON DRY HARD!
YOU'RE A CHEAP SKATE, PONSONBY, FANCY MAKING THE HAT FROM PAPER!
PAPER MACHE
MORE PAPER MACHE



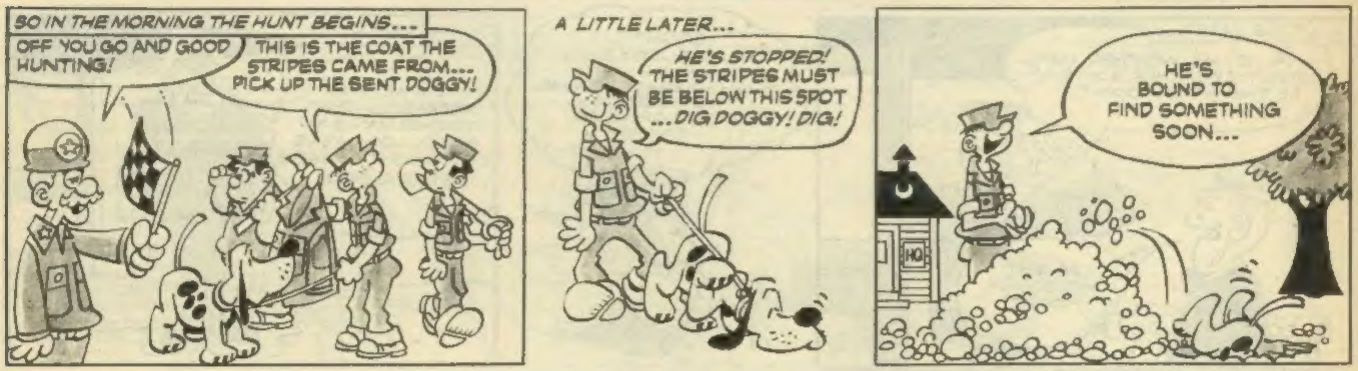




Next week's story about motor racing will drive you mad!

BEETLE BAILEY

I'M GOING TO BURY THESE STRIPES, TONIGHT! THE FIRST ONE OF YOU TO FIND THEM IN THE MORNING CAN BE A SERGEANT...
BOY! I'D LOVE TO BE A SERGEANT...IT'D PUT ME ON EQUAL TERMS WITH SARGE!
THAT NIGHT THE GENERAL BURIES THE STRIPES...
IF ANYONE FINDS THESE STRIPES TOMORROW THEY'LL DESERVE TO BE A SERGEANT! HEH! HEH!


SO IN THE MORNING THE HUNT BEGINS...
OFF YOU GO AND GOOD HUNTING!
THIS IS THE COAT THE STRIPES CAME FROM... PICK UP THE SENT DOGGY!
A LITTLE LATER...
HE'S STOPPED! THE STRIPES MUST BE BELOW THIS SPOT ...DIG DOGGY! DIG!
HE'S BOUND TO FIND SOMETHING SOON...

OH, NO! HE'S DUG UP A BOMB INSTEAD OF THE STRIPES!
THE DOG'S NO GOOD...I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OF DETECTING THE STRIPES!
A LITTLE LATER...
THIS STRIPE-DETECTING-STICK WILL POINT DOWN WHEN I'M DIRECTLY OVER THEM...

THE STICK IS TREMBLING ...I MUST BE OVER THE STRIPES!
NOT MUCH FURTHER! SURELY I'M NEARLY THERE...
I'VE FOUND THE STRIPES BUT I'VE HIT A WATER MAIN... THE CAMP WILL BE FLOODED!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU ARE NOW SERGEANT BAILEY!...I WISH I KNEW WHO HAD BOMBED AND FLOODED THE CAMP?
I KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE, SIR! IT WAS SERGEANT BAILEY!
IN THAT CASE YOU'RE PRIVATE BAILEY AGAIN!
NEVER MIND BAILEY... YOU WERE A SERGEANT FOR TWO MINUTES! HA! HA! HA!

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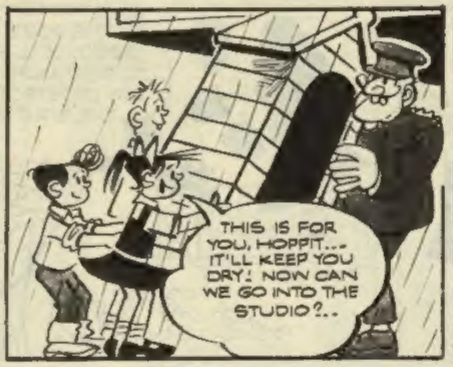
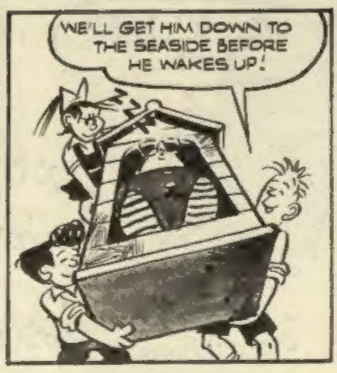
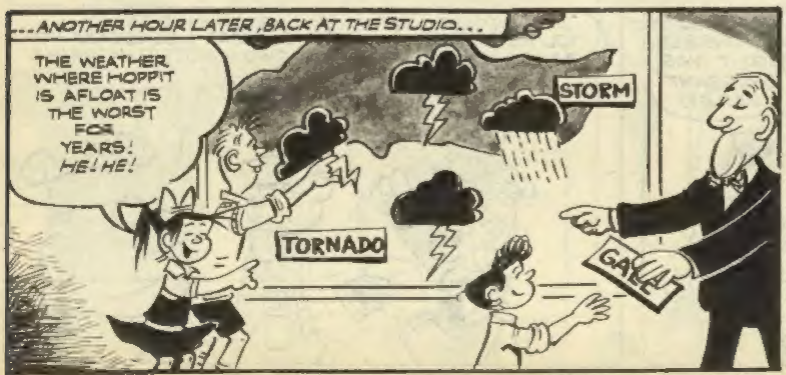
More military mirth with Beetle Bailey next week!

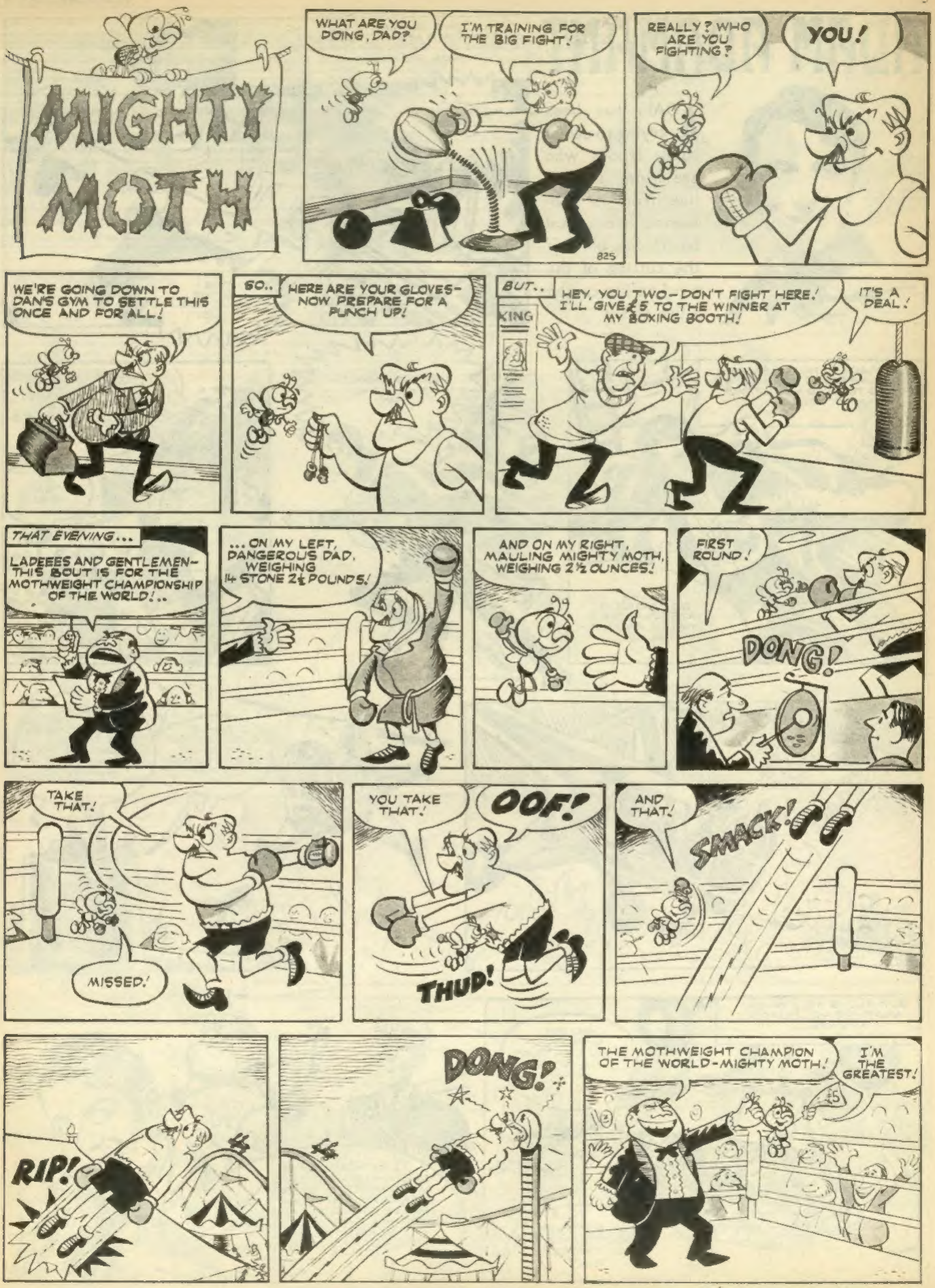
TV TERRORS







Next week the Terrors try doggedly to make Spot a TV Star!


MIGHTY MOTH
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DAD?
I'M TRAINING FOR THE BIG FIGHT!
825
REALLY? WHO ARE YOU FIGHTING?
YOU!
WE'RE GOING DOWN TO DAN'S GYM TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!
SO..
HERE ARE YOUR GLOVES- NOW PREPARE FOR A PUNCH UP!
BUT..
HEY, YOU TWO- DON'T FIGHT HERE! I'LL GIVE £5 TO THE WINNER AT MY BOXING BOOTH!
IT'S A DEAL!
KING
THAT EVENING...
LADEEES AND GENTLEMEN- THIS BOUT IS FOR THE MOTHWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!..
...ON MY LEFT, DANGEROUS DAD, WEIGHING 14 STONE 2½ POUNDS!
AND ON MY RIGHT, MAULING MIGHTY MOTH, WEIGHING 2½ OUNCES!
FIRST ROUND!
DONG!
TAKE THAT!
MISSED!
YOU TAKE THAT!
OOF!
THUD!
AND THAT!
SMACK!
RIP!
DONG!
THE MOTHWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD - MIGHTY MOTH!
I'M THE GREATEST!
£5

Thanks to Mighty Moth, Autumn 'leaves' Dad in a bad way!

ADAM ADAMANT

ADAM has been trying to defeat some crooks who are laying a pipeline from a submarine to steal North Sea oil. But the cutting of the pipeline has caused a fire at sea . . .

THE CROOKS' SUBMARINE RISES AND SETS THE SEA ABLAZE... BECAUSE FLAMING OIL IS STILL BEING EJECTED FROM THE STERN...
WE SHALL BE ROASTED ALIVE!
THIS IS THE END FOR US!

BELOW, ADAM STRUGGLES WITH HIS YOUNG FRIEND, ROY, WHO IS TRYING TO DRAG HIM UP THE CONNING TOWER...
LET ME GO! THERE IS NO ESCAPE THAT WAY! I KNOW THE WAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAD TO LET THESE CROOKS GO FIRST, SIR!
THERE ARE STILL THE BOYS ON THE OIL-RIG TO BE RESCUED! WE CANNOT PUT OURSELVES FIRST!

BUT ALL IS WELL WHEN ANOTHER HELICOPTER APPEARS...
YOU SEE, MY FRIEND, YOU CAN TRUST THE BRITISH NAVY!
YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE VILLAINS WHO STARTED IT ALL?

I RATHER THINK IT WAS I WHO STARTED IT, BUT I AM NOW ABLE TO GIVE ALL DETAILS OF THIS ATTEMPT TO ROB US OF OUR OIL! AND I DO NOT THINK THAT THOSE VILLAINS WILL BE ABLE TO DO SUCH A THING AGAIN FOR A LONG, LONG TIME...

© BBC tv 1967

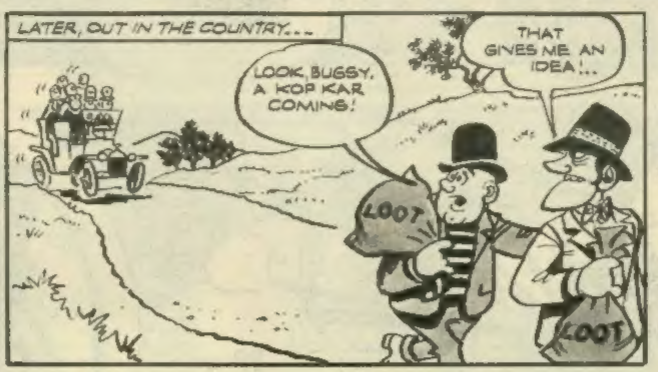
Buy the exciting Adam Adamant Annual on sale now, price 10/6!

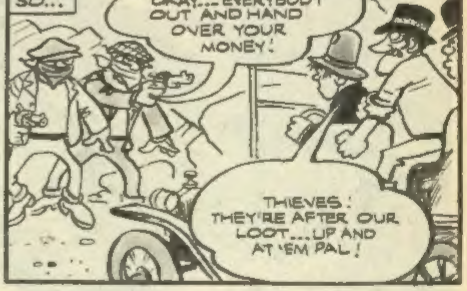
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

featuring

The Keystone Kops

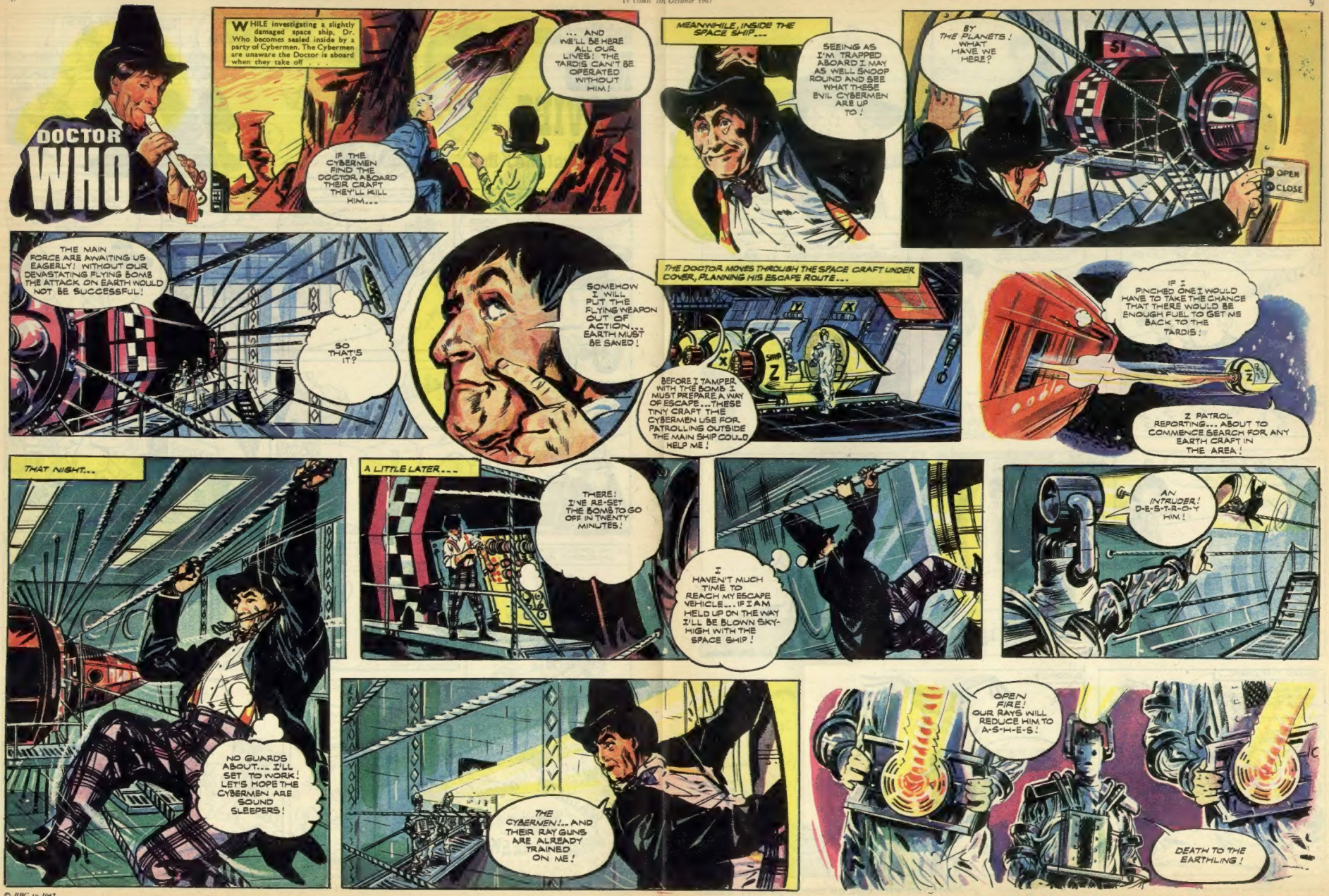
THESE TWO CROOKS ARE ON THE RUN... KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR THEM WHILE YOU'RE ON PATROL!
WANTED
WANTED
RIGHT, CHIEFY!
LEAVE IT TO US!





Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

You'll grunt and giggle when a Kop faces a grizzly bear next week!


DOCTOR WHO
WHILE investigating a slightly damaged space ship, Dr. Who becomes sealed inside by a party of Cybermen. The Cybermen are unaware the Doctor is aboard when they take off . . .
... AND WE'LL BE HERE ALL OUR LIVES! THE TARDIS CAN'T BE OPERATED WITHOUT HIM!
IF THE CYBERMEN FIND THE DOCTOR ABOARD THEIR CRAFT THEY'LL KILL HIM...
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP...
SEEING AS I'M TRAPPED ABOARD I MAY AS WELL SNOOP ROUND AND SEE WHAT THESE EVIL CYBERMEN ARE UP TO!
BY THE PLANETS! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
51
OPEN
CLOSE
THE MAIN FORCE ARE AWAITING US EAGERLY! WITHOUT OUR DEVASTATING FLYING BOMB THE ATTACK ON EARTH WOULD NOT BE SUCCESSFUL!
SO THAT'S IT?
SOMEHOW I WILL PUT THE FLYING WEAPON OUT OF ACTION... EARTH MUST BE SAVED!
THE DOCTOR MOVES THROUGH THE SPACE CRAFT UNDER COVER, PLANNING HIS ESCAPE ROUTE...
BEFORE I TAMPER WITH THE BOMB I MUST PREPARE A WAY OF ESCAPE... THESE TINY CRAFT THE CYBERMEN USE FOR PATROLLING OUTSIDE THE MAIN SHIP COULD HELP ME!
IF I PINCHED ONE I WOULD HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE THAT THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET ME BACK TO THE TARDIS!
Z PATROL REPORTING... ABOUT TO COMMENCE SEARCH FOR ANY EARTH CRAFT IN THE AREA!
THAT NIGHT...
NO GUARDS ABOUT... I'LL SET TO WORK! LET'S HOPE THE CYBERMEN ARE SOUND SLEEPERS!
A LITTLE LATER...
THERE! I'VE RE-SET THE BOMB TO GO OFF IN TWENTY MINUTES!
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO REACH MY ESCAPE VEHICLE... IF I AM HELD UP ON THE WAY I'LL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH WITH THE SPACE SHIP!
AN INTRUDER! D-E-S-T-R-O-Y HIM!
THE CYBERMEN!... AND THEIR RAY GUNS ARE ALREADY TRAINED ON ME!
OPEN FIRE! OUR RAYS WILL REDUCE HIM TO A-S-H-E-S!
DEATH TO THE EARTHLING!

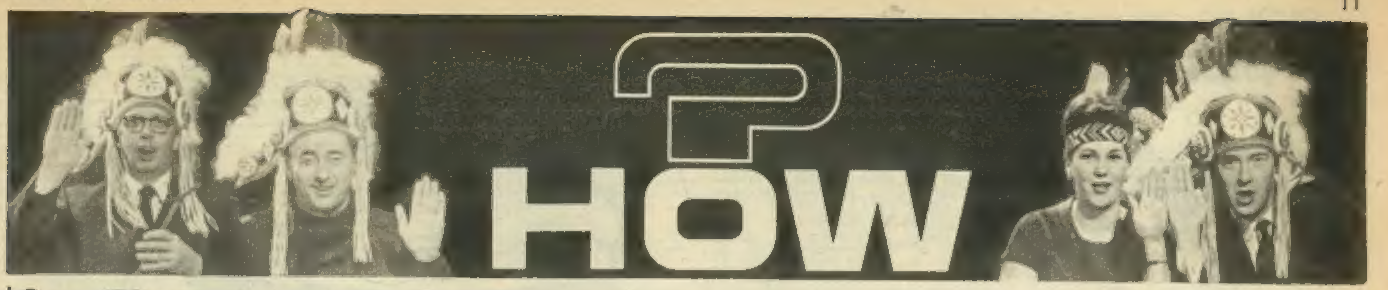
© BBC tv 1967

Has Dr. Who fallen victim to the deadly rays! See next week!

BOZ
TWEET TWEET
CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES, HENDERSON? LOOKS LIKE A LOWER CRESTED SWAMP TWIT THAT'S SETTLED ON THAT CHAP'S HEAD!
QUICK! LET'S GET SOME PHOTOS!
WE'LL SHOW THE PICTURES TO PROFESSOR WARBLE AT THE INSTITUTE OF BIRD WATCHING!
THAT'S A VERY RARE BIRD ON YOUR HEAD! DON'T MOVE AN INCH UNTIL WE RETURN!
LATER...
THAT NIGHT...
COMES THE DAWN...
IT'S ALL RIGHT! IT WAS ONLY A COMMON HEDGE SNIPE AFTER ALL!
SHOO, BIRDIE!
SUDDENLY...
HEY! THAT'S A RARE PINK TAILED EAGLE!
DON'T LET GO WHATEVER YOU DO! WE'LL BE BACK!

Based on the Rediffusion network production

More fun with Boz on this page next week!

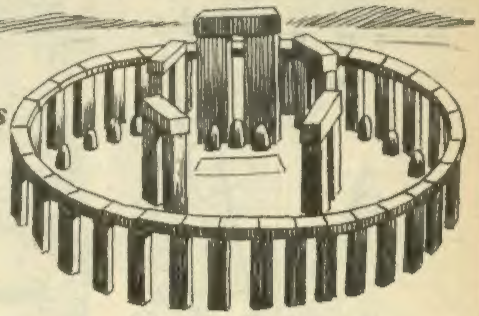


How can you have your own personal apple?

Cut the letters of your name carefully from aluminium foil and stick them on a green unripe apple with petroleum jelly or some waterproof adhesive. Make sure that the letters are stuck on the side of the growing apple which is exposed to the sun.

When the apple is ripened to a nice red, remove the foil letters and there on the skin is your name in green.

How old is the world's first computer?



A computer is no more than a machine designed to answer a specific question or set of questions. Before you build one, you must define the problem to be solved and work out how to present that problem to the machine.

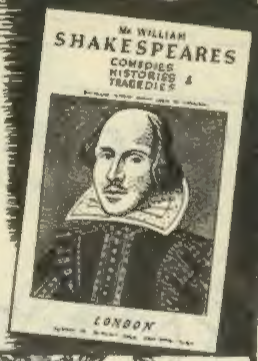
In this way, the oldest computers on record are the 4,000-year-old monoliths at Stonehenge. These stones act as highly sophisticated astronomical computers as they have been set in a specific way to predict the movement of sun, moon and stars.

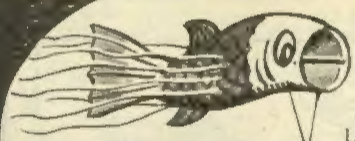
Here is our artist's impression of Stonehenge in its complete state.

How long is the longest word in the English language?

One of the longest is from a Shakespeare play—probably made up — *honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But *floccipaucinihilipilification*, which means "the action of estimating as worthless," is even longer.

Close to it comes *quadradimensionality* and *antidisestablishmentarianism* while in America, they now have a word for a miner's lung disease which is *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis*.

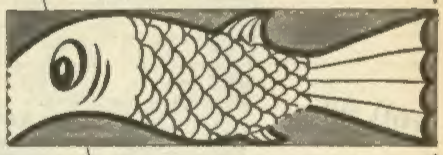


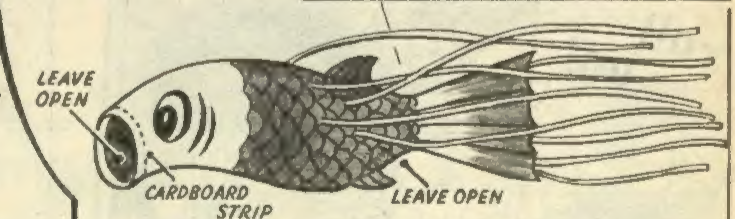


How to make a Japanese Fish kite

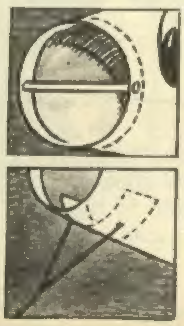
1. Take two pieces of kitchen paper as large as possible, draw out shape of fish on each, cut out separately and colour.

2. Glue all round edges except for mouth and a gap under lower fin. Should act like a windsock.





3. Mouth held open with pencil held in place by two drawing pins.



4. Paste piece of strong paper or thin card inside mouth and attach string for flying.

How leaves get their Autumn colours

In September the leaves on many trees begin to change colour from green to golden yellow.

The golden tints are due to the breaking up of the *chlorophyll* which is the name given to the green colouring matter in leaves and plants.

Before they wither and fall the leaves return all their vital materials to the parent tree.

Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production

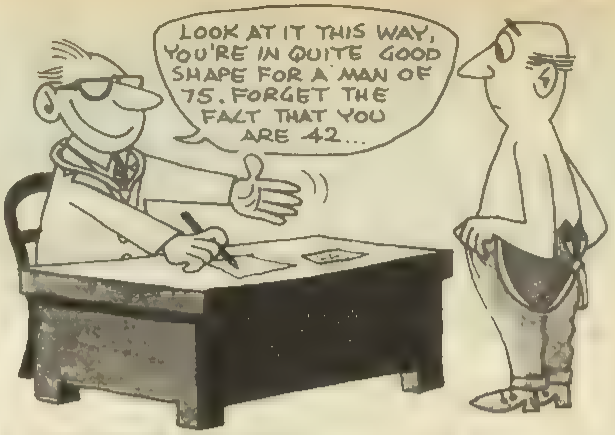
See HOW every week for fascinating facts and puzzles!

PICK OF THE JOKES

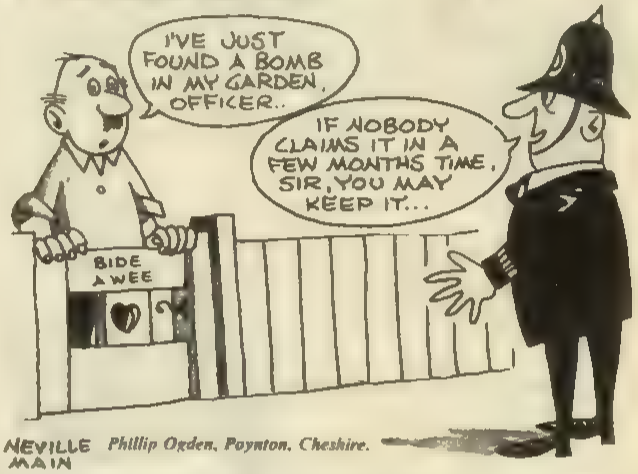
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Stephen Caple, Chadwell St. Mary, Essex.

Peter Freestone, Cambridge.

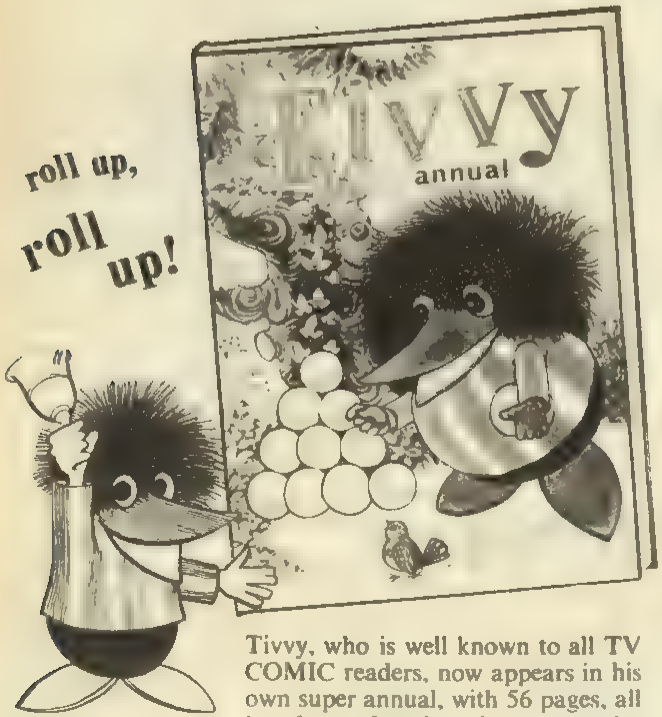


Susan Alexander London, S.W.12.



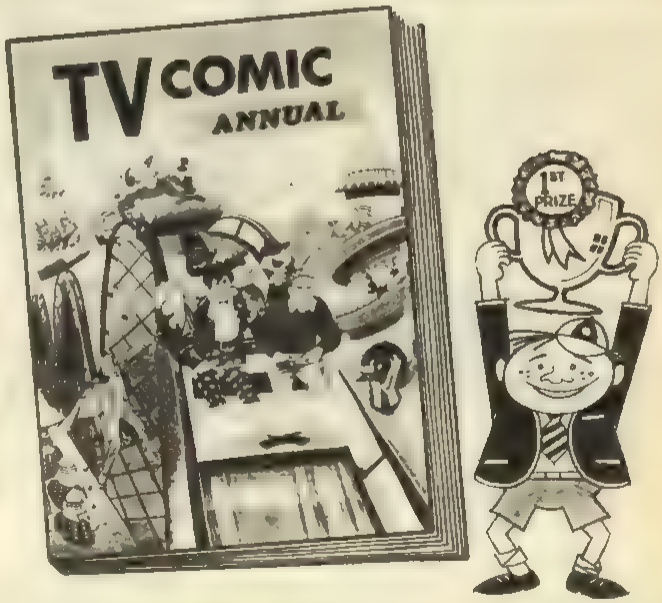
NEVILLE MAIN *Phillip Ogden, Poynton, Cheshire.*

roll up, roll up!



Tivvy, who is well known to all TV COMIC readers, now appears in his own super annual, with 56 pages, all in colour, of stories, pictures, puzzles and games.

On sale now, price 6/-



Top of its class!

TV COMIC ANNUAL

96 colourful pages of fun, thrills and adventure. You will find all your regular TV Comic favourites here, including Dr. Who, Ken Dodd's Diddymen, Popeye, How, and lots of puzzles, jokes and games.

On sale now, price 9/6d.

Tivvy

Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

I'VE MADE A ROBOT AND HE'S GOING TO BE MY METAL SERVANT!
HE CAN MAKE TEA AND POUR IT OUT...
WRRRR
COUGH! SPLUTTER! HE CLEANS UP A ROOM QUICKER THAN ANY HOUSEWIFE!
WRRRR
... I DON'T HAVE TO WALK UPSTAIRS FOR MY AFTERNOON NAP!
WRRRR
... HE EVEN TUCKS ME IN! HA! HA!
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HARD-HITTING ROBOT THERE IS NO PROBLEM IN GETTING TO SLEEP... HE KNOCKS YOU OUT!
WRRRR
WHILE TIVVY TAKES HIS AFTERNOON NAP THE ROBOT CHATS TO THE MAN NEXT DOOR'S ROBOT...
HOW COME YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR MASTER?
I CHANGED MY CONTROLS... NOW I BOSS MY MASTER AROUND!
WHY NOT LET ME ADJUST YOUR CONTROLS SO YOU CAN PUSH TIVVY AROUND?..
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MY KIND METAL MATE!
THIS WILL DO THE TRICK... YOU'LL BE A NEW ROBOT IN A FEW TICKS!
LATER IN TIVVY'S BEDROOM...
OKAY, TIVVY! RISE AND SHINE!
THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME CHANGES ROUND HERE... FETCH MY METAL SLIPPERS!
CERTAINLY!
SOMEBODY'S TAMPERED WITH HIS CONTROLS!
NEVILLE MAIN
I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED... YOU GO AND MOW THE LAWN!
YES, METAL MASTER!
SO...
DON'T WORRY, TIVVY! WHEN YOUR ROBOT FALLS ASLEEP SLIP A BOLT IN HIS GLASS OF OIL, THAT'LL PUT HIM BACK TO NORMAL!
I HOPE SO!

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ORLANDO

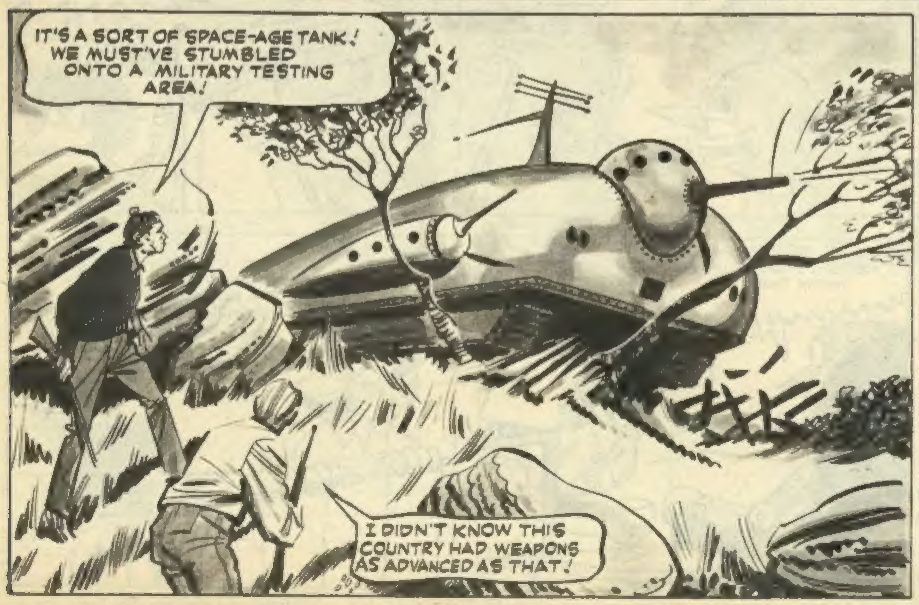
WE'LL HEAD OUT THROUGH THOSE TREES ... WE'LL PROBABLY FIND A SUITABLE AREA FOR OUR RIFLE PRACTICE!
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN TO THIS PART BEFORE.. IT'S FURTHER AWAY FROM THE ROAD THAN WE USUALLY TRAVEL ...
IRN
825

ORLANDO and Steve are crack shots with a rifle. Whenever the crime-fighting business permitted they would set off for some practice in a deserted part of the countryside . . .

MINUTES LATER...
BARBED WIRE, EH? PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS FENCING OFF THE COUNTRYSIDE!
IT WON'T HURT TO SNEAK THROUGH FOR A SPOT OF SHOOTING!

AT THE MOST WE'LL ONLY BE INSIDE THE WIRE FOR HALF AN HOUR...
KEEP OUT
TOP SECRET
THE FENCE IS PROBABLY TO KEEP COWS FROM STRAYING OR SOME SUCH THING!

ONCE INSIDE THE WIRE, ORLANDO AND STEVE PICK THEIR TARGETS...
THIS PLACE IS IDEAL FOR SHOOTING ...NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!
NICE SHOOTING, CHUM!


IT'S A SORT OF SPACE-AGE TANK! WE MUST'VE STUMBLED ONTO A MILITARY TESTING AREA!
I DIDN'T KNOW THIS COUNTRY HAD WEAPONS AS ADVANCED AS THAT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES HAVING SHOOTING PRACTICE!
..IT'S FIRING AT SOMETHING IN THE DISTANCE! GET THE BINOCULARS OUT!...

Based on the Rediffusion network production

THERE'S A COLUMN OF SMOKE ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY... TAKE A LOOK!
I WONDER IF THEY HIT WHAT THEY WERE AIMING AT?
WOW! DIRECT HIT!... THAT SHELL DEMOLISHED A STONE BLOCK HOUSE SO FAR AWAY WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE IT WITHOUT BINOCULARS.
LOOK THERE! THE MONSTER IS FACED BY TWO CONVENTIONAL TANKS!
THEIR SHELLS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT!
...IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT'S JUST BRUSHING THEM ASIDE!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE JUST WITNESSED A DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT COULD WELL BE BRITAIN'S MOST SECRET WEAPON...
YEAH! I THINK WE'D BETTER CLEAR OFF.. NOBODY'S GOING TO BELIEVE WE WANDERED INTO THIS AREA BY ACCIDENT!...
... QUITE RIGHT! WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU WANDERED IN HERE BY ACCIDENT! MORE THAN LIKELY SPIES!
YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US... NO FUNNY MOVES!

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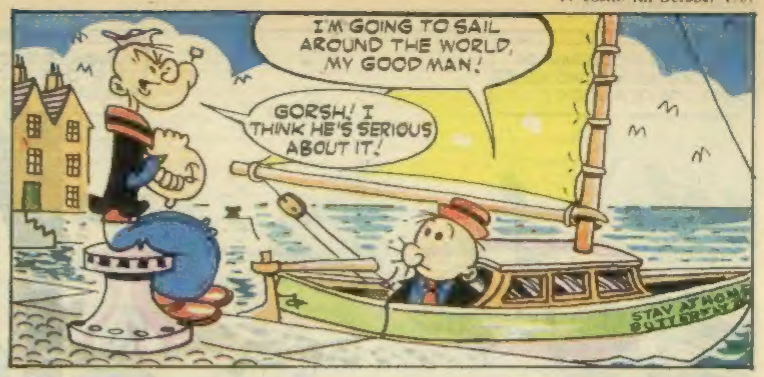

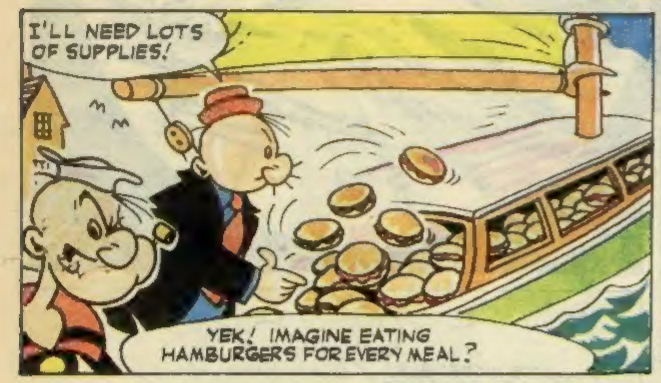

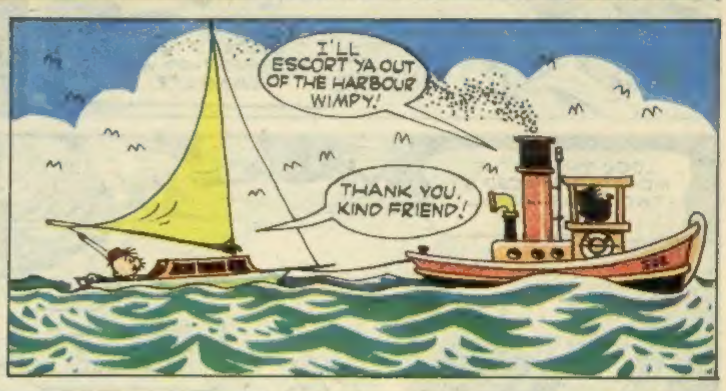

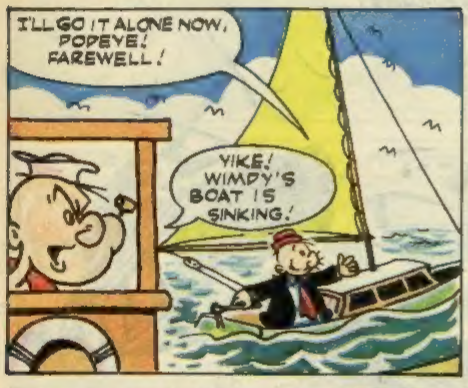

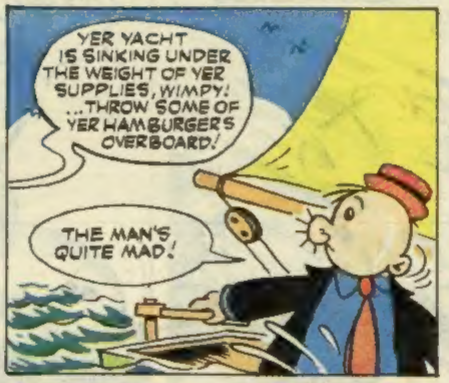

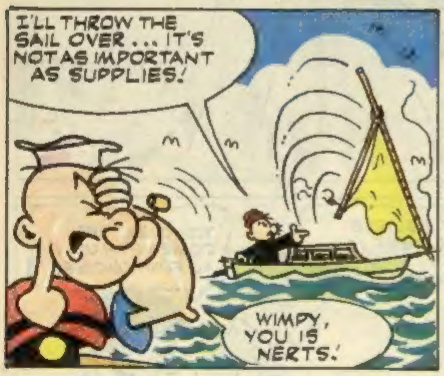

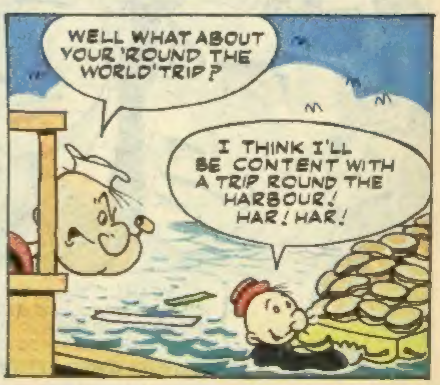

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You'll snort with laughter when Wimpy eats like a pig next week!